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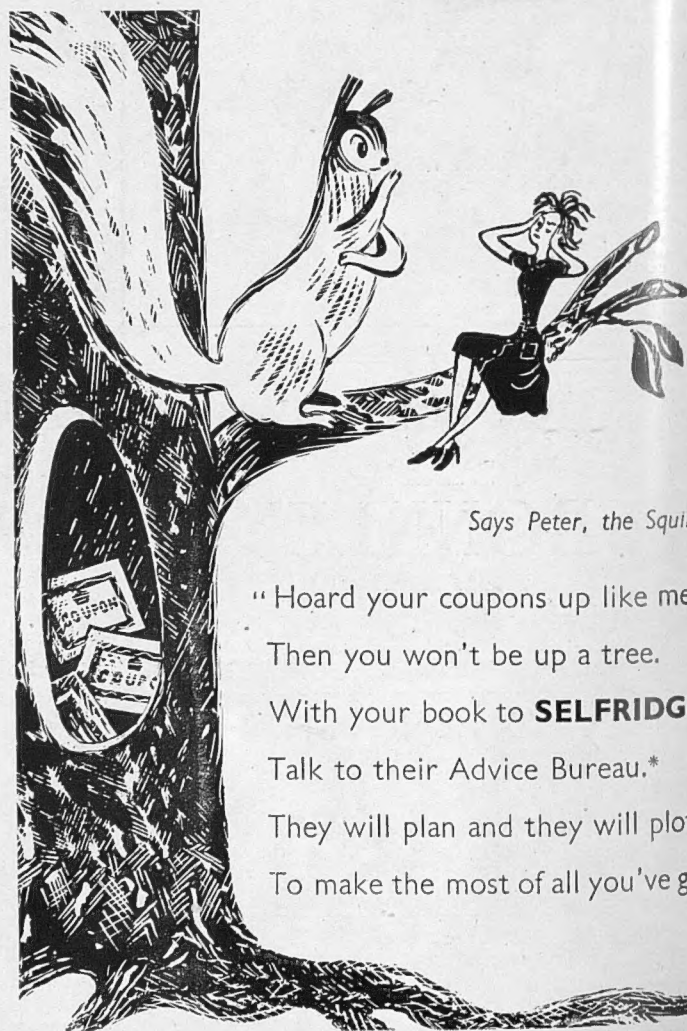
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Yevonde

The Duchess of Northumberland, G.C.V.O., C.B.E., J.P.

The Duchess of Northumberland, widow of the 8th Duke, has been Mistress of the Robes to the Queen since 1937. Actively engaged in war work, she is President of the Surrey branch of the British Red Cross Society and Chairman of the Surrey Joint War Committee of the Red Cross and St. John. In Northumberland, where her home is Lesbury House, near Alnwick, she is County Organizer of the Rural Penny section of the Red Cross Agriculture Fund. Her elder son, who succeeded his father in 1930, was killed in action in 1940, when his brother became the 10th and present Duke. The Duchess has two daughters; the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, and Viscountess Brackley, whose husband, the Earl of Ellesmere's only son, is a prisoner of war.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Refusal

WHATEVER view one may hold about Mr. De Valera's refusal to sever Axis diplomatic connections with Dublin, we can never forget the many thousands of Irishmen who are serving with the British forces and the many who have already given their lives for the Allied cause. These men of comradeship and courage will always secure for Eire the warm understanding of the people of this country. There is little doubt about this. Recent events have shown it to be true. But it is a strange experience to attempt an examination of Mr. De Valera's mind and the course of his policy. He asserts the neutrality of Eire and her right to independence when



In New Caledonia

Air Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, Governor-General of New Zealand, was met by Major A. M. Lamont when he visited troops in New Caledonia. New Zealanders, co-operating with U.S. troops, have done good fighting in the South Pacific area

many other nations have seen the danger of neutrality and have recognized that independence is naught without strength and security.

Mr. De Valera must know the dangers and the disadvantages of independence in a world which has been drawn closer together by modern circumstances of transport and outlook. Yet Mr. De Valera prefers to exist on past grievances and to ignore what are, to say the least, the ambiguities of his policy. But it would be wrong to assume that all this is due to Mr. De Valera's native naïveté. He also knows that Eire cannot suffer in the world of the future because of his stubbornness, for her brave boys have earned her a measure of gratitude by their very defiance of his Irish policy.

Action

THERE seems little doubt that the British Government would have tightened the control of communications across St. George's

Channel regardless of any action by the United States Government. It would have been a normal precaution as the prelude to military movements. The British authorities certainly need no lessons in the necessity of ensuring the highest degree of military security. When Mr. De Valera declined to keep in step with the rest of the British Empire the British Government in London at once recognized that they would have to overcome the handicap of the loss of the Treaty Ports which in the last war helped enormously to secure some safety for the supply route to Britain from the United States. The authorities must also have realized the advantage Hitler was to enjoy by the presence of a minister and a staff of experts in Dublin secure in diplomatic immunity. It is safe to assume, therefore, that all manner of precautions were taken and have since been operating. The latest development appears not only as a natural preliminary to vital military events, but also as an urgent step to stop careless chatter, of which there seems to have been sufficient to cause concern to the military authorities.

Difference

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT approached the matter differently from the British Government. Maybe Mr. De Valera met his political equal in President Roosevelt on this occasion. For this reason. The American military authorities have the task of transporting to Britain many thousands of men for the assault on Hitler's Europe. Were anything to happen to these men, particularly at sea, or any other circumstances before they reached the battlefield, President Roosevelt might be criticized for not having taken due precautions. He might be accused of having failed to demand the co-operation of Eire to ensure the safety of American lives. So, whether he expected Mr.

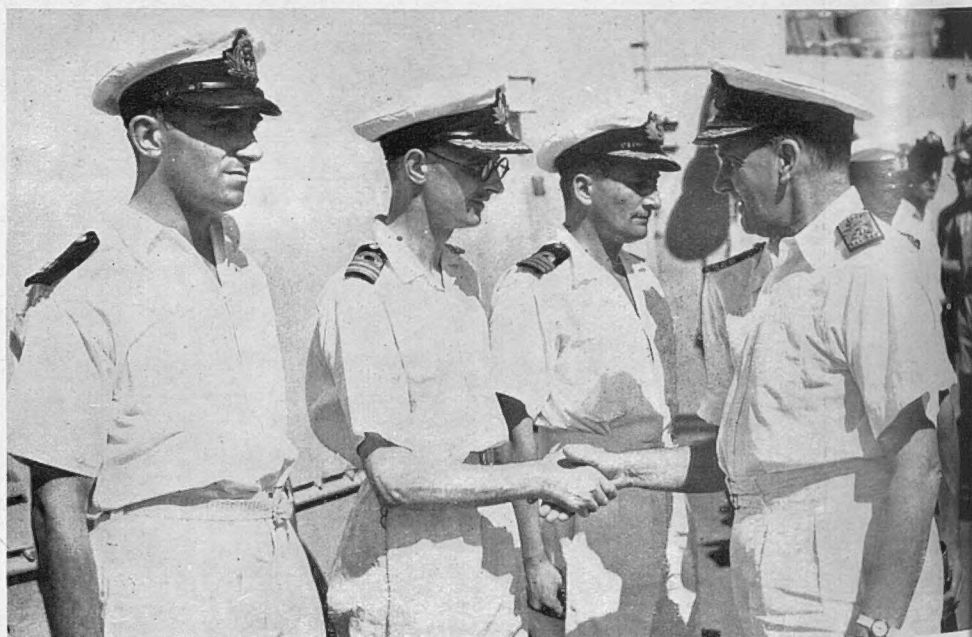
De Valera's co-operation or not, President Roosevelt had to go through all the motions of seeking it and obtaining for the record the refusal of the Eire Government.

Advance

As the Russians get nearer to Rumania there is panic and anxious appeals for peace. These were bound to come, as the Rumanians saw that the Germans were unable to stop the Russians, even when the price was the supply of Rumanian oil. But this does not mean that Prince Barbu Stirbey, the aged courtier and friend of Queen Marie, is the man to secure peace for Rumania. The Russians distrust him, for they see in his journeys to Ankara and to Cairo the possibility of a German plot. They are perfectly justified in holding these suspicions. I am certain that the British Government have no illusions about Prince Stirbey's credentials. When all is said and done, he is but a socialite opponent of the existing regime in Bucharest and a life-long critic of ex-King Carol. Peace, or an armistice, can only come to Rumania from the efforts of the established Government or, failing their appeal, by occupation of their country by Russian forces.

Crisis

THE Russian armies have overcome many difficulties, not least weather conditions, in establishing their present strong position. Even General Dittmar has had to warn the German people that a downright critical situation has arisen. Naturally he says that the Germans will be able to master the crisis, but he does not sound very convincing. He suggests that the Russian advance is in some way linked with the Allied plans for invading western Europe. He may be right when he says that Russia's aim is to compel Germany to draw on her operational reserves. But the lesson to be taken from Dittmar's latest lecture is that he can tell the German people that the worst is happening and that the future is dark and dismal. There seems no necessity for him to hide the stark truth. The German people appear willing to accept and not to panic. How long they will be prepared to receive bad news is another matter. Probably they will take it as long as Hitler's nerve lasts out, and he is able to command the loyalty of those nearest to him on whom he so greatly depends.



H.M.S. Ceylon Visits Colombo

When the new Colony class cruiser H.M.S. Ceylon called at Colombo, Admiral Sir James Somerville, C.-in-C. the Eastern Fleet, met the ship's officers. With him here are the Rev. J. C. Stephenson, chaplain; Pay Cdr. A. T. L. Covey-Crump, R.N., accountant officer; and Cdr. (E) J. Burtenshaw, chief engineer. The cruiser has been adopted by Dundee

Visitors

THE invitation formally extended by Parliament to the Congress of the United States to send a delegation of members to be guests in Britain for some weeks is a happy gesture, and historic as well. The visit should promote closer understanding of the working of Congress and Parliament. They are different in many respects, but they have a fundamental likeness. They are both essentially democratic institutions. Both have thrived throughout the war and have not surrendered any principle to the demands of total war. This alone is a meritable achievement which they can share proudly in common. Lieutenant-Colonel Walter Elliot is Chairman of the Anglo-American Committee of Parliament, and has done much to make the aspirations of the Members a reality. He is in West Africa at the moment leading a Commission of Investigation into native education problems. He may be back before the United States delegation reaches this country, but should he not be, Major A. N. Braithwaite, the Deputy Chairman of the Committee and the fiery Mr. Aneurin Bevan, one of the joint secretaries, will be responsible for organizing the reception and entertainment of the delegates.

Strikes

WHEN the present situation in the coalfields is debated in the House of Commons much light may be thrown on the circumstances which are said to be responsible for the series of unhappy stoppages among miners at this crucial time. There seems to have been considerable bungling and at points a lot of shortsighted indecision. This criticism applies to all concerned, but the Government will have to share quite a lot of it. This is unfortunate for Major Lloyd George. He has struggled manfully with the coal problem for about a year. He could have put his political career first and accepted another and less arduous office. But when the Prime Minister, two or three months ago, suggested this Major Lloyd George insisted on carrying on in search of success. He has not been too successful, and he may regret not having accepted the opportunity to move on. Yet he is such a popular member of the House of Commons that his ministerial misfortune will be readily understood.



The Duke and the Pilots

Australian Spitfire pilots enjoyed a good joke with the Duke of Gloucester, who wore the uniform of an air marshal when he visited their station recently. The Duke is to be the next Governor of Australia

Recognition

THE Soviet Government's recognition of Marshal Badoglio's Government in Italy, at his request be it noted, came as an unnecessary surprise to many, and not least to the left-wing political purists in this country. The recognition shows Marshal Stalin is not ready to allow prejudices to stand in the way of the development and fulfilment of his policy. The British Government were as surprised as the State Department in Washington when the news was released, for the simple reason that they had not been consulted. I do not believe that this was a deliberate omission by the Soviet Government. Some time ago the British Government recalled Sir Noel Charles from his embassy at Rio de Janeiro for the purpose of assuming some yet undefined duties in Italy. Sir Noel served at Rome as minister up to the time that Mussolini attacked France. He knew the late Count Ciano better than most diplomats in Rome. He also knew the Italian people. Sir Noel is a diplomat of considerable strength and ability.



A King and His Fiancée

King Peter of Yugoslavia, seen in London with Princess Alexandra of Greece, to whom he became engaged last year, arrived recently from Cairo, where he has been since October



Polish Air Force Exhibition

Sir Archibald Sinclair opened the exhibition, which continues until April 10, at 61 St. James's Street, S.W. With Air Vice-Marshal Izycki he saw photographs showing the progress of the Polish Air Force during twenty-five years



The New Governor Arrives in Gibraltar

Lt.-Gen. Sir Thomas Ralph Eastwood, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C. (left), arrived in Gibraltar in February to take up his duties as Governor and C.-in-C. He and the Deputy C.-in-C., Major-Gen. F. G. Hyland, were photographed outside the Convent, where the induction of the new Governor took place



"Camera Has Wings" Exhibition

F/Lt. A. H. Burr, D.F.C., a Coastal Command pilot, pointed out to W/Cdr. Learoyd, V.C., the picture of a Sunderland flying boat over the cliffs of Dover. The exhibition took place at Harrods

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A French Cavalcade

By James Agate

C. E. MONTAGUE laid it down that good work is never lost, while Arnold Bennett maintained that if the world held only one copy of a first-class book and that book were dropped in the Sahara Desert some traveller would discover it. Meaning, I have always thought, that if the traveller were an Englishman he would turn up his nose at the masterpiece after, of course, his camel had turned it up with his nose. Both Montague and Bennett were restating something I should like to call the Law of the Indestructibility of Masterpieces. I do not believe that there was ever any danger of, say, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony not being ultimately discovered. All right, says the reader, but what's the point?

I MAKE the point in connection with *The Heart of a Nation* (Academy). This picture was finished three days before the Nazis marched into Paris. But the Germans knew all about it. Certain other, and less provocative, films were permitted to be shown, but the present film was destroyed with the exception of one lavender print, which Paul Graetz, the producer, secreted. Accompanied by two faithful employees he tried to reach the Spanish frontier,

producer, Paul Graetz, and that unrivalled director, Julien Duvivier, who produced and directed the original cast.

NOW the reader may inquire: Is this film such a masterpiece that it was bound to be recovered? Yes and no. It is just as much and just as little a masterpiece as our own *Cavalcade* was, except that I think the English spectacle was rather better than the new French one. The object of the film is to show the ever-recurring envy of Germany for the good things of France. Three times a little boy asks the same question. He asks it in 1870. His son asks it in 1914. And his grandson asks it in 1939. The question is: "Why do the Germans behave like this?" The answer is: "Because of their greed and their envy. We make; they rob. And that is all there is to it."

The film does what Noel Coward's *Cavalcade* did; which is to show us events through the eyes of a particular family. This time, a hard-working family from the sunny soil and not from the garish night-life of the capital. It is just because of the peaceful nature of this film that Goebbels has gone in such fear of it. A militant, cock-crowing picture would have been easy to answer since France's arms are in

to Germany: "You have made the best toy in the world. With the assistance of the Austrians you have made the best music in the world. You have the second best scenery in Europe. Your philosophy, if not translated into action, is harmless, amusing, and, for young men, intoxicating. Therefore, you shall be allowed to go on making toys and music and attracting foreign tourists. You shall philosophize to your heart's content. You shall be rich and well-fed and happy. But never again shall you be allowed to make so much as a single popgun. And we shall come over every three months to see that you don't."

IN a way the film is extraordinarily moving. You will know it is French for two reasons. First, it is brilliantly acted. And second, the humour springs out of the situations and the characters. There is a scene in which Raimu, the old fribble, the bon-viveur from Marseilles who has spent his income and his revenues in trips to the Moulin Rouge and similar haunts, confesses his broken fortunes with a comic ruefulness which is utterly beyond any actor at Denham, Elstree or Hollywood. There is a lovely sequence for Suzy Prim who, in the course of her life, has received only three kisses. Once when she was a child. Once by a French priest who decorates her with the Légion d'Honneur. And once by a dead soldier after his death and through the medium of his wife. This is all that the woman who has given her life to nursing knows about love. And there my admiration for the acting comes to a rather sudden stop. Charles Boyer narrates, and I think Duvivier would have done better to take a leaf out of Obey's book; he would have learned that an antique classical narrator is the thing and not some morning-coated fellow within ogling distance of a microphone.

Jouvet consistently overplays. And the young men have rather more of that French postcard prettiness than I care about.

THIS film raises a point which I want to take up with Hollywood. This concerns the translation of foreign films into English when it is intended to show them, with captions, in America and this country. I take it that there is a great deal of English which is common to both ourselves and Americans, and that, in translation, to use "perhaps," which is common to both countries, is better than "maybe," which is Yankee. I suggest that when Louis Quinze says to Madame de Pompadour "Sister, what's on your mind?" he takes his characters out of their setting by three hundred years and half the earth. Whereas if his Majesty had said "What's worrying you, my dear?"—a phrase equally understood on both sides of the Atlantic—they would have remained in their time and country. When in this film one Frenchman calls another a "sucker" he is just dumping him down in America; And does Duvivier really think he is conveying the atmosphere of the Moulin Rouge by making one of his dancers go up to Raimu and say "H'ya, Toots?"



Paris—"The Heart of a Nation"—1871 to 1939

This film is fully reviewed by James Agate on this page. Above left: Uncle Jules Froment (Raimu), up from Marseilles for the wedding of his nephew Bernard, is taking full advantage of the opportunities offered by a ride on a bicycle behind his disapproving niece, Estelle (Suzy Prim). Right: Bernard (Lucien Nat), who by now has a sixteen-year-old daughter (Michele Morgan), is distressed to find her hiding from him a letter concerning her twin brother

only to have his car wrecked by low-flying enemy planes. The trio hid themselves until nightfall, and buried the cans in different parts of a friendly farmer's vegetable garden; and bit by bit it was eventually smuggled out of France, although a portion was lost on the way. Luckily, the artists who originally played in the film travelled to America and to Hollywood, and were obligingly lent by their producers, so that the film might be completed and shown to the world. Thus has *The Heart of a Nation* been completed under the same

the dust. It is the spirit born of that dust that Goebbels has to think about. And then again this picture is the more damning by force of its understatement. It reinforces what a highly intelligent man said to me the other day during one of those inevitable supper-table discussions as to What We Are Going To Do With Germany Afterwards. Pouring himself out a bumper of port and lighting his cigar—I hold that there is no port brewed which can spoil a really good cigar and this was a real Havana—my friend said: "After the war I should say



Among the eight survivors of a torpedoed merchant ship are oiler Kovac (John Hodiak), wealthy business-man Ritterhouse (Henry Hull), Army nurse Alice (Mary Anderson), international journalist Connie (Tallulah Bankhead), radio operator Stanley (Hume Cronyn), and sailor Gus (William Bendix)

Open Boat in Mid-Atlantic

Hitchcock Packs "Lifeboat" with Life and Death Struggles, Love and Grim Reality



The captain of the U-boat (also sunk in the action) is taken aboard the lifeboat. He is a ruthless devil, knocked to only by Ritterhouse whose whole policy of living has been to keep in with those in power (Walter Slezak, Henry Hull)



The German goes too far when he pushes the wounded Gus overboard. Questioned, he admits he has stolen precious drinking water while the others slept. In mad frenzy he is set upon and in a matter of moments kicked, clawed and hammered to death (Mary Anderson, Canada Lee, Tallulah Bankhead, Hume Cronyn, Henry Hull, John Hodiak)

● In *Lifeboat* Alfred Hitchcock has set out to tell the story of eight survivors thrown into the close proximity of a 26 ft. lifeboat with the Nazi commander whose U-boat destroyed their ship. The stark tragedies of war provide Hitchcock, who himself conceived the story (written by John "Grapes of Wrath" Steinbeck), with thrills beyond the fields of fiction. A mother's struggle to put life into her dying baby; her subsequent suicide; the unselfish gallantry of a negro steward; the ruthless behaviour of the Nazi commander and the murder by him of one who stands in his path; all these combine to bring home the grim struggle for life and death in circumstances too near the current truth for comfort. It brings Tallulah Bankhead back to the screen after a long absence.

The Theatre

The Two Children at the Arts

By Horace Horsnell

GOOD but short-tempered patriots no longer swear by the living Jingo. That bellicose bird took a fatal knock in the last war and, in so far as the theatre reflects public sentiment, is now as dead as the dodo. During the last war few, if any, serious war plays were produced. We had the Byng Boys and some blithe camp followers to keep the footlights burning, but nothing like the spate of serious topical commentaries which have flooded the current theatre bill. Such plays as *Havoc* (1923), *The Conquering Hero* (1924), *Tunnel Trench* (1925), and *Journey's End* (1928), which were among the theatre's earliest and best documentary comments, were all post-war productions.

Times have changed. The number and quality of plays dealing directly with the war, that have been produced in the past three years, is astonishing. Not all of them have told plain unvarnished tales of heroism in the various fields. (The screen has seen to that.) Few indeed have been of the old histrionic type. Not only have times changed, but sentiments too. Our native dramatists, strongly reinforced by their American confrères—with such plays as *Watch on the Rhine*, *The Moon is Down*, and *There Shall Be No Night*—have not been content to adorn their tales with tacit or merely implied morals, but have made those morals the fundamental motive of the plays.

The Two Children by Peter Powell is the latest contribution to what may be called the anti-Jingo drama. It is the prize-winner in the Arts Theatre competition for new plays, and is an urbane little comedy with a serious heart. The characters and their setting—a country house in Warwickshire—are civilized; the dialogue has quality; the humour is agreeably humane. The argument—a not unfamiliar, inter-generational one—is perhaps more impulsively conducted than persuasively concluded. It mingles cosmic with domestic issues, and while vindicating the author's relish for the idiosyncrasies of human nature, and exercising his eye for character, leaves one feeling that, philosophically speaking, he has bitten off rather more than he can successfully chew.

Small wonder, perhaps, since that argument seeks to settle not merely the stubborn differences in outlook between three generations of an old-established county family, but the ethical problems involved in the settlement of

international disputes and rivalries by resort to arms.

The old order is strongly represented by a grand-matriarch, admirably played by Miss Jean Cadell. The parochial wheels of that order are oiled by a cricket-playing vicar, whose bat is delightfully carried by Mr. Tristan Rawson. As a somewhat cynical anthropologist, Mr. Denys Blakelock subtly and skilfully upsets the family apple cart, and as a young woman of little importance, whose ambition it is to acquire more, Miss Anne Firth decoratively gathers up her share of the



James, archaeologist son of Lady Harriet Smith, attempts to explain his theory of life to ex-schoolmistress Vera Jones (Denys Blakelock, Anne Firth)

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Cocktail hour at Lady Harriet Smith's Warwickshire home brings together the Vicar (Tristan Rawson), Lady Harriet (Jean Cadell), Mary, Lady Harriet's daughter-in-law (Dorothy Reynolds) and John, her son (Cecil Ramage)



Peter Powell's Prize-winning Play "The Two Children"

apples he spills. Not a significant contribution, perhaps, to the solution of the graver problems it tackles, but a nice little comedy all the same.

Desert Highway at the Playhouse

THIS is the play Mr. J. B. Priestley wrote as a tribute to, and for the entertainment of, our fighting forces. It is a Service work produced and acted by soldiers. It places its ingenious author among the prophets, with Amos and Isaiah as collaborators, and is a picturesque, topical variant of a theme, the brotherhood of man, ever near his heart.

You will have heard how well he primes his argument with humour, what good humour it is, and how well his soldier actors handle it.

Marooned in the desert by the breakdown of their tank, they debate the ethics and heroics of war from their personal points of view, while contemplating the prospect of death.

Between dark and dawn, the action retires in time, but not in space, more than 2,000 years, and the then travellers on this same desert highway take over a parallel predicament and similar arguments. At dawn the soldiers resume, and human nature triumphs over inimical odds. It is a play—not the last word in transcendental philosophy—stimulating, entertaining, and warm-hearted; and it is excellently played and most eloquently spoken by the little company of Service actors led by Stephen Murray and John Wyse.



"Desert Highway": A Tribute from a Soldier of World War I to the Soldiers of World War II

Mr. J. B. Priestley's play was specially written for the Army and is set in the Syrian Desert. The cast as seen by Tom Titt is shown above: George Cooper, Emlyn James, Stanley Rose, John Wyse, Stephen Murray and Peter Tuddenham



Alexander Bender

Playing Leads in "A Murder for a Valentine"

Vernon Sylvaïne's psychological thriller opens at the Lyric Theatre to-night. It is produced by the author and presented by Jack Buchanan—the first of a number of new plays he intends to put on this spring. Cathleen Nesbitt and Malcolm Keen (above), in the leading parts, have intensely exacting and dramatic roles. The main action takes place in 1875 in a lonely country house in Berkshire. High-spot of the play is a scene in the Central Criminal Court of the Old Bailey, where a man is on trial for his life, and author Vernon Sylvaïne has consulted many eminent barristers to ensure the accuracy of this scene. Vernon Sylvaïne originally wrote serious plays—his *The Road of Poplars*, a last-war tragedy, was the winning play in a world competition of 2700 entries—but since then he has become best known in the world of farce and thrillers. *A Murder for a Valentine* once more introduces him to the serious theatre

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Royal Parades

INVASION troops have seen quite a lot of the King lately. They have held pride of place in His Majesty's recent programme of engagements, which has included a day with the Canadian Army in this country. Among the other engagements the King has fulfilled have been the third of the afternoon parties at Buckingham Palace, which was quite as successful as its two predecessors, and a Civil Defence parade at Windsor. At the latter, wardens, fireguards and other workers-against-the-bombs paraded in the Castle grounds. These men and women were amongst the first in the country to receive a thorough training in fire prevention and other civil defence duties, for even before the war the King was very interested in the Civil Defence scheme, and both he and the Queen qualified as wardens in the early days of the war.



Special Performance

Mr. Reginald Purbrick, M.P., Miss Kathleen de Villiers and Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur and Lady Harris enjoyed the performance of "Acacia Avenue," given in aid of the R.A.F. Malcolm Clubs at the Vaudeville Theatre



Lord Sherwood sat next to Dona Isabel Moniz de Aragao, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador. He proposed the toast to Brazil at the luncheon and her husband replied

Many Happy Returns

THE Queen left London quietly one evening to be with her father, the Earl of Strathmore, on his eighty-ninth birthday. Her sister, Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, travelled North with her, and with Lady Delia Peel, who was in attendance. Quite naturally, the rejoicings were only a fraction of what they would have been in peacetime, but the Glamis people are hoping that on the Earl's ninetieth birthday next year it may be possible to have a real Scottish celebration, with a bonfire like the one they lit in honour of Princess Margaret's birth on an August night fourteen years ago. To Lord Strathmore, who, if not the oldest Member of the House of Lords, must certainly be one of the most senior of the peers, it was the greatest possible pleasure to have his daughter under his roof for three days, for since his doctors do not consider the strain of a long journey advisable at his age, it is only on rare occasions when Her Majesty is north of the Tweed that he is able to see her, and then it is most often for a very brief period in the interval of carrying out official engagements with the King.

Overseas League

EVERYONE was in a very gay mood at the cocktail party for Allied officers given by the Welcome Committee of the Overseas League, although it was the last to be held in the Hall of India at its headquarters. The gaiety was probably due to the good spirits of the host, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, and his chief guest, Mr. Anthony Eden. Both displayed their usual sense of humour when speaking from the informal rostrum of a table top. So did Marie Lady Willingdon, who told (as a secret!) that she had known Mr. Eden for a very long time—in fact, since the day when, as a seventeen-year-old bride, she and her new husband went to stay with Mr. Eden's parents, and he, being but "so high," was allowed down for tea. Mrs. Eden arrived before the Foreign Secretary, and looked her usual smart self, with cheeky little pink bows decorating her black hat. Among the many Allied officers, including a goodly number of the Brazilian Air Force, one caught glimpses of such well-known people as Lady Louis Mountbatten and Lady Brabourne, both in their



Mrs. Charles Sweeny and Major Henrique Penna were two more guests at the lunch to the Brazilian Air Mission at Simpson Services Club, at which Dr. S. L. Simpson presided



Harlip

The Hon. Molly Cayzer

The younger daughter of Lord and Lady Rotherwick, of Tylney Hall, Basingstoke, is engaged to Lt.-Col. F. B. Wyldbore Smith, D.S.O., M.B.E., R.A., younger son of the late Rev. W. R. Wyldbore Smith and Mrs. Wyldbore Smith, of Warwickshire

St. John uniform, Lord and Lady Barnby, Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant, and those two M.P. journalists, Mr. Hore-Belisha and Mr. Beverley Baxter. Lady Forbes awaited Mr. Eden on the doorstep; Mrs. Tufnell, whose husband is M.P. for Cambridge, provided a welcome touch of colour, for she had turquoise-blue sequined birds in her little hat; Capt. Leonard Plugge's wife looked as attractive as always; and Madame Koo's little sailor hat, composed almost entirely of white violets, was a gay note.

Greek Occasion

THE King of the Hellenes has had a good many social engagements lately; on one day he honoured the Greek Ambassador at a luncheon at the Greek Embassy, at which the Duchess of Kent was also a guest, and later he attended a party at Greek House, where he received members of the Anglo-Hellenic Society. Both these events were quite informal, and the afternoon affair was a great treat to the many members of this Society. The King, resplendent with rows and rows of medals

(Continued on page 362)



Lady Barnby was in earnest conversation with G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig, and sitting between them was Col. Brillante. Lady Barnby is an American, and comes from Pennsylvania

A Luncheon at Simpson's, Piccadilly, to the Brazilian Air Mission

Only Children

Photographed with Their Mothers



Mrs. George Brodrick, daughter of Major and Mrs. Page Courlay, married Capt. George Brodrick, Irish Guards, in 1940. Her husband is the only son of the Countess of Midleton by her first husband, the late Mr. George Jay Gould, of New York. He took the name of Brodrick (family name of his stepfather, the Earl of Midleton); and was naturalised a British subject on coming of age. Their daughter, Maxine Mhari, was born in 1941



Mrs. Heber-Percy, seen with her small son, Michael, is the wife of Lt.-Cdr. David Josceline Algernon Heber-Percy, R.N., and was married two years ago. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. O'Brien, of Dublin. Her husband, only son of Capt. J. R. Heber-Percy, is a relative of the Duke of Northumberland

Photographs by
Marcus Adams



Mrs. Berkeley Villiers has one son, Nicholas, aged five. Formerly Mlle. Rose Marie Parravane, a niece of Sir George Franckenstein, she married Lt.-Col. Berkeley Villiers in 1938. Her husband, serving with the Guards Armoured Division, is the only son of the late Lt.-Col. Charles Villiers, C.B.E., D.S.O., and of Lady Kathleen Villiers, and a nephew of the Earl of Enniskillen



Mrs. Peter Hugo, whose only child, Angela Elizabeth Petrina, is a goddaughter of General Smuts, is the wife of G/Capt. Peter Hugo, D.S.O., D.F.C. and two Bars, the South African fighter ace. They were married two years ago. Mrs. Hugo is the daughter of Major and Mrs. H. J. Seeds, of Valley, Isle of Anglesey



Dining and Dancing in One of the London Restaurants

Lt. N. D. Campbell, R.N., and Miss Wendy Milne were two young people in a party at the May Fair not long ago



Having dinner at another table at the same restaurant were Capt. Somerled Macdonald of the Isles and Miss A. Bellingham-Smith

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

on his khaki uniform, stood in the big ball-room of what used to be the Hon. Clive Pearson's house in Upper Grosvenor Street, with the Greek Ambassador at his side. People were ushered up after a grand tea downstairs; among those for whom King George had a special word was Princess Wolkonsky, who had a miraculous escape when her flat was bombed—she had taken refuge under her refectory table. Princess Wolkonsky is Russian by marriage, but American by birth. She was, in fact, one of Mrs. Roosevelt's bridesmaids. Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme were there; so were Lady Ravensdale, Lady Crosfield, Lily Lady Rennell, Mrs. Mark Kerr, Lady Peto, Marie Lady Leigh, Lady Cunningham, Sir Francis Humphreys and Sir Ronald Storrs.

End of the Hunting Season

THE hunting season for 1943-44 has now come to an end. Most packs have

carried on with the minimum of everything, staff, hounds, horses, etc., to kill the maximum number of foxes. These war days, Masters of Foxhounds no longer hunt with the idea of showing wonderful sport across their favourite stretch of country; to-day the whole outlook is to kill as many foxes as possible during the season. Another consideration, of course, is that horses these days could not stand up to many long runs, as no one now hunts clipped and corn-fed hunters, but mostly unclipped, grass-fed horses. The Duke of Beaufort is one of the Masters who have been hunting hounds themselves, and killing plenty of foxes. The Duke's country, like many others these days, has a lot more acreage under plough, and everyone in the district is growing food for the nation to the limit of their capacity. It was with these hounds that Princess Elizabeth enjoyed a day during the past season. Up in Yorkshire, Lord Barnard is carrying on alone as Master of the Zetland. He took over these hounds in 1920, and in 1937 was joined in the mastership by Major Dick Jaffray, brother and heir-presumptive of Sir William Jaffray. Major Jaffray had to resign last year on his appointment as Military Secretary in New

Zealand. Lord Barnard lives at the lovely old Raby Castle in Co. Durham.

More Hunting News

FROM the Midlands I hear news that Capt. Bobby Nickalls and a committee are carrying on the Warwickshire Hunt in the absence of the two young Masters, Capt. the Hon. Marcus Samuel and Major John Lakin, on active service. In the North Warwickshire country, that fine horsewoman Mrs. Johnny Arkwright is still head of affairs, and once again they have had an excellent season. Mrs. Arkwright was delighted when her youngest son, Pip, who is in the 16/5th Lancers, was repatriated with our prisoners in the autumn. Capt. Arkwright was able to enjoy some hunting, too, while he was home on leave. Down South, Miss Effie Barker is another lady M.F.H. who is carrying on. She joined Lord Rotherwick (he retired in 1939) as Joint-Master of the Garth Hounds in 1936. They have also had a good season, and during the school holidays had the most amazing number of enthusiastic young followers out on their ponies—one day alone there were over eighty children out!

(Concluded on page 376)



Lord and Lady Inchiquin were at the Show, held at Ballsbridge, Dublin. Their home is Dromoland, County Clare. Lady Inchiquin is a daughter of the late Viscount Chelmsford



Major the Hon. Herbrand and Mrs. Alexander, well-known Shorthorn breeders, were there. He is a brother of Gen. the Hon. Sir Harold Alexander, C-in-C. the Allied Armies in Italy



Capt. the Hon. William French came with his wife. Capt. French is heir-presumptive to his nephew, Lord de Freyne. There were 150 more entries at the Show than last year

At the Royal Dublin Society's Show and Sale of Shorthorns

Poole, Dublin



Jennifer Jones: Academy Award Winner of 1943

Jennifer Jones, young mother of two sons, has leapt into stardom with her first screen performance in the title-role of *The Song of Bernadette*. Jennifer was "discovered" by Twentieth Century talent scouts at the end of 1942. She had already appeared on the New York stage in *Our Town* and in *The Shining Hour*, but film work was unknown to her. Child of a theatrical family—both her father and mother were on the stage—Jennifer was educated by the Benedictine Sisters at Monte Cassino School, Tulsa, in Oklahoma—an early training which would appear to have made her ideally suited to her first big role. In 1939 she married Robert Walker, and in 1940 and 1941 her two sons, Robert Jr., and Michael, were born. In securing the part of Bernadette, Jennifer won one of the most coveted roles ever offered by Hollywood—a role which has given her the Academy Award for the best performance of 1943. London will see the film for the first time when it is shown at the New Gallery Cinema on Monday next in aid of the War Services Fund.

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ALMOST exactly 160 years after the Diamond Necklace Mystery the Duc de Rohan, President of the French Red Cross, has been arrested by the Gestapo in Paris for succouring crashed Allied airmen. One might say the Rohans are giving History another chance.

The real mystery of the Diamond Necklace (1785) is not how a man of intelligence like Mgr. Louis de Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, was fooled by a crook, Countess de Lamotte, into handing over a £60,000 necklace after that hasty nocturnal meeting in the gardens at Versailles with a mopsy of the boulevards disguised as Marie-Antoinette. It's easy enough to gull a wealthy sceptic. The incredible thing is Rohan's acceptance, without question, of the forged signature "Marie-Antoinette de France" as the Queen's own. As Mr. Belloc has remarked, you'd as soon expect a modern man of the world moving in London society to accept a signature like "Yours truly, the Hon. Henry Hound, Esq." Not every Rohan with the haughty family motto,

*Roy ne puis,
Prince ne daigne,
Rohan je suis,*

might have known how Queens of France sign themselves, but this Rohan was Grand Almoner, and perpetually at Court. However, he fell for it, and the scandal helped to bring the French throne down.

Footnote

NEARLY as whacking a mystery is the fate of the Necklace. The Lamotte and her husband managed to sell most of it in London, piecemeal. What has become of those wonderful matched stones, of European celebrity? The only people who can destroy diamonds are modern chemists, who do it with intricate electrical devices, and select their stones. If we were trailing these historic bits of "hot ice," as the bad boys call it, we'd be apt to throw an eye first of all over the Teatro Colon, Buenos Ayres, on an opera gala-night. Rich women in Buenos Ayres are so plastered with priceless diamonds on these occasions that they can hardly walk, a travelled chap tells us, and so languid that if you want a handful you just pick them off some opulent corsage as off a Christmas-tree. That's how Lord (name deleted by Censor) began, incidentally, he added.

Rap

LAST year, according to a lawyer at the Central Criminal Court, the Island Race stole £1,000,000 worth of property from the London, Midland and Scottish Railway alone. Our information is that the Race's



MAURICE MCLOUGHLIN

"You like to see night life—sheik's harem, native dancers, hashish den, officers' mess?"

motive is ethical, and intended to improve and purify the Board's morals through suffering.

What the Race thought of railway directors even at the very beginning is conveyed to some extent in a ballad recently composed, which you might like us to sing to you. Ready?

I.

"Get off my blasted engine!" cried George Stephenson one day,

And weeping an English Rose complied,
When up the four-foot way her loving Mums
rushed to the fray,

"Please give my girl a chance!" she loudly
cried.

Refrain (with motherly indignation.)

Oh, don't shove poor Babs off that loco!

She's a born engineer first and last,

If a valve or a sprocket

Should fall off the Rocket

That girl would be simply aghast;

Oh, give her some boilers to play with,

My baby asks nothing more fine,

It's the flirting and lies,

And the Board's bloodshot eyes

That sends girls like my Babs off the line!

II.

Each lewd and gay Director that had heard
that mother's prayer

Took off his hat and stood in bitter shame,

"She's right!" said Mr. Huskisson to M.P.s
standing there,

"I'll sing it, boys, and you must do the
same."

Refrain (with manly frankness.)

Oh, don't shove poor Babs off that loco!

It isn't her fault in the least;

A Chairman that strives

To hug girls as they drives

Is not far removed from a beast;

Your Babs shall be Queen of the Board, Ma'am,

She shall reign o'er our hearts with a smile,

For each share we water

There's one for your daughter,

And, bydam, that should make it worth while.

A handbell accompaniment by a dozen of the Company's porters, muted and *pianissimo*, adds considerably to the charm of the refrain. Mention our name to the stationmaster.



Anton

"And since you're to be here quite a while, we're sending every other bar of your cell for salvage"

(Concluded on page 366)

Wha's Like Us?

Scottish Comedian Will Fyffe
and His Son

For many years now Will Fyffe has been one of the most popular of Scottish comedians. His name is generally associated with Glasgow, but in actual fact his home is in Edinburgh. He has a sixteen-year-old son, Bill, who goes to Watson's College, Edinburgh, and who frequently plays the piano for his father at charity concerts. Will Fyffe has recently returned from a tour of Gibraltar and the Middle East entertaining our troops. Although he is in his fifty-eighth year, he is quite tireless, and does not mind how many shows he gives a week. He has been in "show business," from boyhood, and made his first appearance in a stock company run by his father



"I'm Ninety-four this Morning" is a popular old-timer. It rivals "I Belong to Glasgow" and "Sailing Down the Clyde" in Will Fyffe's well-known repertoire



Admirers send walking-sticks and golf-clubs from all over the world. Both Will and his son are proud of the collection

Photographs by
Pictorial Press



Could I Get That One Over? Books Provide Will With Inspiration

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Roses

IT'S not for the likes of us—a Celt, an Untouchable—to butt into a quarrel between Lancashiremen and Yorkshiremen, raging recently in one of the papers, as to which is the more virtuous, rugged, forthright, and honest-to-God type. Both seem to us inferior races to be, to some extent, *faux bonhomme*.

What we mean by *faux bonhomme* is the folksy old Uncle Cheeriboy who smacks you on the back, roars a loud hospitable greeting, has shrewd cold eyes, and will do you down, if business requires it, as readily as the next man. Jolly John Browdie in *Nicholas Nickleby* is the type, and we've always had a feeling that Mr. Browdie in business hours was a guy to steer clear of. Maybe this is a frightful thing to say. A Rutland man first suggested it to us.

Rutland is the only English county that doesn't give itself airs, except Middlesex. It may be that Rutland has something to conceal. It is very small and secret and nobody ever goes there, so it may be full of horrors. As for Middlesex, the late Michael Pope, who founded the Society of Middlesex Men in London, told us that as the Society was going home one night after a plenary session it fell out of its taxi. An even murkier mystery, you perceive. *Omnia exeunt in mysterium*, as the Medieval Schoolmen said, and how right they were.

Sleuth

THEY'VE got an Infant Phenomenon just entered at Yale University, it seems—a terrible child of 12 whose mental age is said to be 20. We can't think of anything more calculated to bore and irritate the average don, not to speak of Rugger and rowing men, and especially squash and "real" (not lawn) tennis men.

Judging from the eyebrows of a friend of ours, a Yale alumnus who took up squash in a big way, that child is due for a healing rap. An academic and post-academic career devoted to squash or "real" tennis implies clear thinking, ripe judgment, and a mission to kick prigs and upstarts in the pants. Our old BYSTANDER playmate Archie Macdonell who played a sound game of "real" tennis and had a first-class brain in addition, could detect a prig by the smell at 500 yards. He rarely had to kick the prig's pants, however, for the prig, appalled by those flashing spectacles and that rising Highland passion, generally took cover right away. The Macdonell's hunting-cry (often uttered in what he alleged to be Gaelic) must still be ringing in the rafters of a certain restaurant near Temple Bar. Prim, dry lawyers and Civil Servants with exquisitely rolled umbrellas and neat wing-collars greatly dreaded his entrance. So did the management.

Mystery

A GLIMPSE of the three new judges arriving at the Law Courts caused us to meditate on the terror of the Law and the vestments thereof.

Shuffling quickly to his seat in a tight red furtrimmed bathrobe, with an absurd horsehair parody of an Augustan wig on his head, a chap who five minutes before robing was indistinguishable from any other professional upper-middle-class citizen becomes an idol, a portent, fenced off from mankind, radiating power and fear, Rhadamanthus himself, arrayed and absolute. You have to meet a judge on a golfcourse to ponder this mystery in all its bearings. The semi-ecclesiastical near-Cardinalate vestment with its aura of Canon Law, itself invests the judicial pan, whether pink or leathery, with hierarchic awe.

When it enwraps a mummified body with prehistoric features of tight, waxy parchment you wonder how the boys at the Bar can frolic as they do, in their macabre way. We heard the other day of a barrister who, while one of his brethren was delivering an impassioned plea, sent him a pencilled note: "Sit down, you bloody fool! Can't you see the old basket's with you?" The note reached the judge by mistake, his Lordship read it,



"Poor old Fortescue was always getting in the way"



"Got caught with your flaps down, so to speak?"

impassive, and the case went on.

Many judges are as sportive, off duty, as Elks (U.S.). They must feel a bit awkward when mingling socially with the newer Peerage, even if the family bears no malice, but it soon wears off, we're told.

Princie

TWO new male Hamlets having fascinated the town recently, it seems about time another little actress took a stab at the part.

The last sweetheart to do a Hamlet on the populace, unless we odiously err, was a Parisian actress named Suzanne Després, some years ago.

The critics thought her version pretty novel and good. La Després' idea of the Prince of Denmark was a care-free Oxford undergraduate with recurrently morbid moments. What her predecessor or the great Sarah did with the part James ("Boss") Agate could tell you better than we, and in chaster prose.

Max Beerbohm described her Hamlet as *très grande dame*. Another chap tells us the Bernhardt legs were perfect, the old blonde chignon a bit hard on the eye, and the Bernhardt voice a golden miracle, as ever. Why actresses ever want to play Hamlet is another matter. Our feeling is that those who do can't be very settled at home.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

The Younger Generation



Harlip

The Hon. Diana Berry is the youngest of Viscount and Viscountess Camrose's four daughters. Her sisters are the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Guthrie McNair Scott, the Countess of Birkenhead and Lady Sherwood. Miss Berry is twenty years old, and is serving in the W.R.N.S.



Harlip

Miss Mary Mulholland, W.R.N.S., is twenty this year, and is the elder daughter of the Hon. John Mulholland and the Hon. Mrs. Mulholland, of Langhurst Manor, Chiddingfold, Surrey. She is a granddaughter of Lord Dunleath, and on her mother's side, of Viscountess Harcourt



Bassano

The Duchess of Montoro, only child of the Duke of Alba, Spanish Ambassador in London, came out last year at the age of seventeen, when her father conferred on her the title of Montoro, dating from the seventeenth century. The Duke gave a ball to celebrate the occasion at his palace in Madrid



Yevonde

Lady Anne Coventry has worked for the last four years as a Red Cross nurse at Leamington General Hospital. Born in 1922, she is the eldest of the Earl of Coventry's three sisters. Her father, the late Earl of Coventry, was killed in action in 1940, serving with the Worcestershire Yeomanry

Home Life in Hollywood

Loretta Young Cooks, Cleans and Cycles
and Prepares for the Baby She is
Expecting in August



Loretta does her own shopping by bicycle, bringing home the week-end rations in her carrier-basket



Resting After the Day's Work: There is a



You can see your face in it! That's the way the car looks when Loretta has done the polishing

● **Loretta Young**, one of the loveliest and most glamorous of American film stars, is giving up screen work for the next few months and concentrating on her home. She and husband Tom Lewis (former radio executive, now U.S. Army Colonel) are expecting their first child in August, and until then Loretta will be leading the life of any young mother-to-be, doing her own shopping, getting through the daily chores and planning the rooms which are to be given over to the new young member of the family. The film she has just finished will be seen in this country some time in the next few months. It is called *Ladies Courageous*, a film based on the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron (now known as The Wasps) and of the young women who handle the planes and work as part and parcel of the U.S. Army forces



on in the *Fine Illuminations of a First Edition*



Just like Mother makes! Cookie-baking is one of the film star's favourite pastimes



A swimming-pool right outside your own front door—that's one of the luxuries we envy Hollywood



The Deputy C.-in-C. Allied Expeditionary Air Force

Major-Gen. William O. Butler took over the job of Deputy Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Expeditionary Air Force under Air Chief-Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory after a successful tour of duty as commanding general of both the Army and Navy Air Forces in Alaska. He brings a wealth of experience in combined operations and supply between Air Forces, Ground Forces and Naval units, which he gained at Kiska and Attu. Forty-seven years old and 6 ft. 6 ins. in height, Major-Gen. Butler graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1916. In the last war he served in the 1st Aerial Squadron and the 1st Balloon Company, receiving the Croix de Guerre as an aerial observer when he held the rank of major. He is rated command pilot, balloon pilot, combat observer, balloon observer and aerial observer. He is married and has two sons, both 1st Lieutenants in the Air Corps, and a daughter

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Map Reading in 1939

ON December 19th, 1939, Hitler's own paper, *Völkische Beobachter*, published a map showing the German people what Germany would look like if she were defeated. According to that map, France got the Rhineland, Poland Eastern Germany, including East Prussia, Denmark Schleswig-Holstein, Czechoslovakia Saxony, and in the southern part of that map there was a huge Hapsburg Empire, which included almost all of Southern Germany, Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden, and so forth. With a few slight modifications, the *Völkische Beobachter*, possibly under a new proprietary, will be able to republish that map at a not very distant date.

bad and the bare amenities of civilisation are virtually *nil*, may not always have agreed with that Viceroy's picturesque verbiage. Believe me, he has had little cause so to do. When disaster in any form came—famine, flood, cholera or plague—the D.O. started the fight with one hand tied behind his back, but this never stopped him or caused him to lose his nerve, and he waded in and fought, every ounce of his weight, gallantly holding the position till reinforcements arrived, sometimes, mercifully, before things had slipped clean over the edge, oft-times when not so. It was not only great distances and an appalling climate which were his foes, but the very people whom he was doing his darndest to succour. Caste prejudice, religious aloofness, ancient custom and secretiveness were, and, of course, still are, an absolute mine-field. But this Stout Fella never wavered in the days I knew, any more than he has done this time, and anyone who blames him, or ever has done so, is either grossly ignorant or is trying to pass the buck—most probably the latter.

Not All Beer and Skittles

WE used to poke fun at our gallant friend—call him Heaven-Born, and someone, who at that time suffered severely from an inferiority complex, was so rude as to call him a "Little Tin God Upon Wheels," but *our* chaff, at any rate, had no sting or venom behind it, and both he and we quite understood it and one another. Even when the D.O. had climbed the rocky slopes of his Parnassus and become an Honourable Mister, head of a great Department of State and terribly full of deportment, when we ragged him and laughed at his little faults and foibles, it was all in the right spirit, because we knew all that he had had to go through to get where he did. This was indeed a case in which to know all was to forgive all, even when it was so grotesquely funny at times. Figure to yourself a one-eyed place where a midnight temperature, of over 100 deg. is quite possible; where kerosene oil-lamps still survive; where punkahs are hand-pulled, where the doctor, the padre (perhaps), the policeman,



Recent Wedding

Mr. Nigel Sharpe, the well-known lawn-tennis player, and Mrs. Stella Creadson were married quietly in London a short time ago. Her first husband was killed in an air raid

the forest officer, and, if lucky, a stray jute-wallah, indigo or tea-planter are within a 20- or 30-mile hail; where it is a big problem to get a four for bridge, and sometimes even someone for a game of pat-ball; where you may get a few snipe—perhaps, in some luxury places, a sand-grouse, or a black buck, or even a tiger; where it is desirable to surround your bungalow with kerosene oil-cans cut into strips up-ended and well jagged, for snakes hate scratching their tummies; where by day the note of the brain-fever bird nearly sends you dotty, and where by night the din of tree insects, the frogs and the jackals makes things hardly more peaceful! Just the kind of climate our lads on the Burma front are now facing.

This is not an overdrawn picture of a facet of the "brightest jewel in the Imperial diadem," with which the devoted bearer of the White and Black man's burden is only too familiar. And he is the man to whom "They" try to pass the buck!

(Concluded on page 372)

North African Radio Pioneers

Chief of the North African Army Broadcasting Service is Lt.-Col. G. Pedrick-Harvey (centre), former Fleet Street critic. Collaborating with him are Capt. Dick Richards, radio playwright and critic, and Capt. A. C. L. Bennett, with ten years' B.B.C. experience

"Stout Fellas"

THE ones referred to are the D.O.'s—initials which stand for District Officers—and, in this particular case, to those in Bengal, though the description applies equally to these very gallant gentlemen who help to carry the white man's burden in every corner of this great Empire, which our enemies, and those in their pay, would dearly like to see destroyed, from motives mainly of jealousy, as well, of course, from others equally despicable. Whenever things go wrong, be it from famine, pestilence, or even the Act of God, the favourite scapegoat is the D.O., and he, being a white man, is blamed, as he has been in a recent instance, for what is the fault of others in whose unpractised hands "the ribbons" happen to be. I am reminded of this fact by a communication from a sure hand who is on the spot, and who, naturally, and for obvious reasons, desires anonymity. The facts are not novel ones to someone who has spent the thick end of thirty years in various parts of that land which was, perhaps too eloquently, described by a super-Viceroy as "the brightest jewel in the Imperial diadem"! The hard-worked D.O., in some out-of-the-way spot where communications are



The R.A.F. Team at an International Rifle Shoot

Here are the men representing the R.A.F. at the shoot held recently in Egypt, attended by King Farouk: L/A/C. Arbon, W/O. Watson, S/Ldr. E. H. Durman, W/Cdr. W. Paton, Air Vice-Marshal E. B. C. Botts, W/Cdr. R. Hollingworth (captain), G/Capt. G. B. H. Rhind, W/Cdr. C. W. Pool, W/O. Cant, L/A/C. Lamb



The Oxford and Cambridge Boxing Teams Meet for Their Annual Match

D. R. Stuart

Oxford University boxing team, unbeaten this term, scored another victory, against Cambridge at the Town Hall, Oxford. Above, sitting: J. B. E. Baker, Col. J. Kyffin (President O.U.B.C.), E. M. Russo (Captain), N. J. Cooper (Hon. Secretary), B. W. Cole. Standing: Sgt.-Instructor A. E. Gallie (Trainer), Col. E. L. Henslow, R. M. Dawson, A. H. Blewett, L. Kramer, J. M. Kerr, P. E. Purcell, Rev. R. L. Milburn (Treasurer, O.U.B.C.)



The Cambridge boxing team, seen above, were beaten by Oxford by eight contests to one, scoring 16 points to Oxford's 23. In this picture, sitting: A. G. Channon, P. I. Infield, J. H. Garson (Captain), J. H. Redding, W. H. Blakemore. Standing: I. W. Gregory, R. P. Flood, R. P. Lee, B. A. Barton, Cpl. E. Smith, R.A.F. (Trainer)

HAVING NO GRAND NATIONAL AGAIN THIS YEAR
WE SHALL HAVE TO PICTURE A
FEW OF ITS PAST
CELEBRITIES—



Links with Liverpool: By "The Tout"

Tom Coultwaite, Arthur Nightingall and Jack Anthony have each been responsible for three Grand National winners. Tom trained Eremont in 1907, Jenkinstown in 1910, and Grakle in 1931. Arthur, who still lives at Epsom, rode his first National winner, Ilex, fifty-four years ago, following up with Why Not in 1892 and Grudon in 1901. His nephew, Walter Nightingall, trained last year's Derby winner, Straight Deal. Jack, whose elder brother, Ivor Anthony, trains at Wroughton, got Glenside home in 1911, Ally Sloper in 1915, and Troytown in 1920. Jack Anthony trains at Letcombe Regis, near Wantage. George Poole used to train at Lewes, where he turned out Shaun Spadah to win the 1921 National. Ted Leader won a thrilling race at Aintree on Sprig in 1927, when he beat Bovril III by a length. Ted, is in the R.A.F., and Evan Williams, whose wife (formerly Gil Muir) now owns famous Kingsclere Stables, rode Royal Mail to victory in 1937. He is now a captain in the 17th Lancers

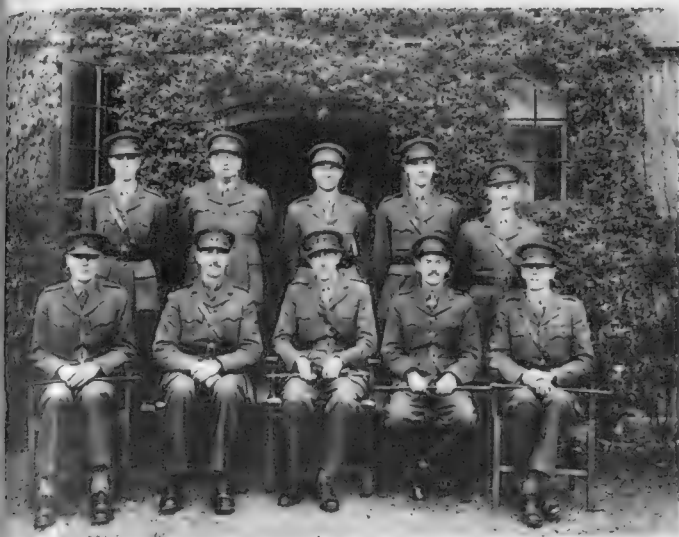
Pictures in the Fire (Continued)

Bengal's climate, I should say, is about as trying as any in all Hindustan—and Burma is just a bit worse, especially in the rains; Assam not much better, excepting in the hill districts. The monsoon just means a wall of water, and in consequence clothes, beds, smokes and everything else sodden and mildewy. In "civilised" Rangoon, at the Pegu Club, they had charcoal braziers under the billiard tables. I leave it to you to imagine what our troops operating on the Arakan coast are having to stand up to.

"Hæc Olim—"

THE memory which particularly "delights" is of an Honourable Mister who, after having passed through all the toils and tribulations which hereinbefore it has been attempted to catalogue, eventually attained to the giddy pinnacle occupied by the Head of the Stamps and Sealing-Wax Department of the Government of India. He and his Honourable Missis were most hospitably addicted to demi-semi official entertainment—dinner-parties "off the record," so to speak—at which even Bishops, War-Lords and Chief Justices could let their hairs down without undue risk. At one of them, which, I opine, is indelibly engraved on the tablets of the memory of many, the Honourable Host, after making the wife of the High Priest, whom, of course, he had taken in, absolutely prickly with apprehension by the recital of his official friskiness when he was a gay Assistant Commissioner in the Province of Umph, was finally brought to a full-stop by a wireless from his honourable partner that the moment had come when the female part of the entertainment should retire according to plan. After the port had completed two laps and everyone had told anyone kind enough to listen all the yarns that had been current coin of conversation since the days of Aurangzebe, it was noticed that the Giver of the Feast had subsided into a slumber that could not have been surpassed by the Seven of Ephesus, and when it was realised that no manner of loud-speaking, noises on the table of glasses or with walnut-crackers was likely to awaken him, the remanets slunk silently out, first removing the host's smouldering Corona from his mouth in case it burnt a hole in his shirt-front. Arrived upstairs, they found that the Lady Pack were faced by a similar deadlock, for the hostess had likewise succumbed to the blandishments of the Sleepy God, and was snoring cosily, her ample corsage, completely covered as it was with snakes and lizards and stars and stripes (in diamonds), rising and falling in peaceful rhythm. There was only one thing to do: follow the lead of the Arabs.

On Active Service



Edward Sweetland

Officers of a War Office Anti-Aircraft School

Front row : Lt.-Col. N. Tweedell, Col. W. B. Wright, the Commandant, Lt.-Col. J. W. Tonking, Major C. V. Wallace. Second row : Capts. L. J. Browning, P. N. Fernau, Major T. F. Hunt, Capts. J. A. Chaplin, B. D. Copland



H. Gill

Officers of an Army Selection Centre

Front row : Capt. T. S. Good, Majors G. Christie, N. G. Blake, M.B.E., C. L. Seton-Browne, Lt.-Col. V. C. Brind, D.S.O., M.C., R.A., Majors S. A. Dodd, T.D., F. Willington, J. S. McGregor, Capt. L. C. Rankin. Second row : Capts. J. West, B. L. B. Hawkin, E. T. Manley, R. Banyard, W. Goulden, E. S. G. K. Vance, P. S. Senior, C. A. Staniforth, H. S. Wagner, C. A. Somerset. Third row : Lts. G. Brown, J. T. H. Bates, R. I. Tibbenham, T. S. Davidson, Lt. (Q.M.) A. Sullivan, Lts. R. H. Caunter, F. F. Bergin



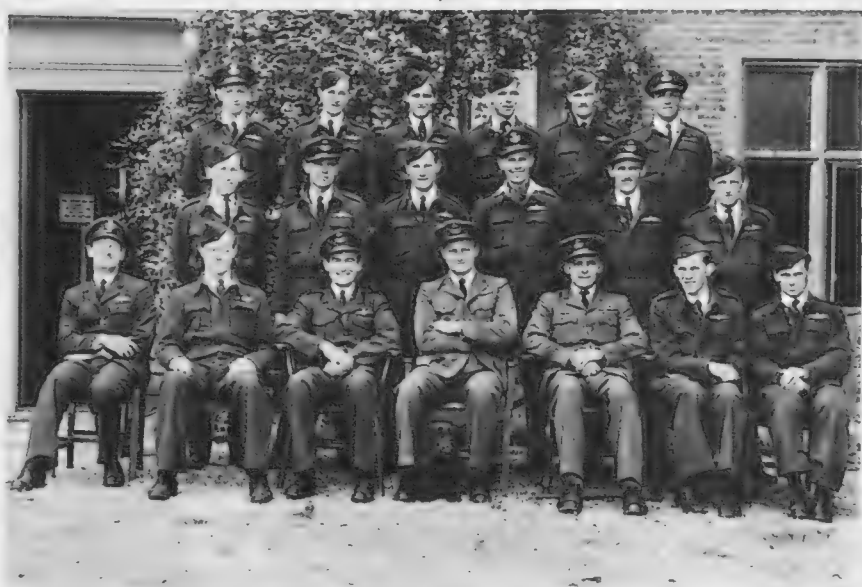
43 O.T.U. Staff Officers



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Training Squadron at a Royal Naval Air Station

Front row : Lt. P. Matthews, R.N.R., Lt. (A) J. T. Howard, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. (A) R. P. Mason, R.N.V.R., Lt. (A) A. W. Bardolph, R.N.V.R., Lt. (A) L. D. Urry. Standing : Sub-Lt. (A) D. K. Walker, R.N.V.R., Lt. (A) A. G. M. Willson, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. (A) H. G. Glendinning, R.N.V.R.



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a R.A.A.F. (Fighter) Squadron

Front row : F/O. Galwey, F/Lt. Esau, S/Ldr. Barclay, Station Commander, W/Cdr. A. H. Donaldson, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., W/Cdr. Flying, W/Cdr. Thomas, D.S.O., D.F.C., F/Lt. Andrews, F/O. Thornley. Second row : F/O.s McDermott, Greaves, McDade, McAuliffe, Hanser, Clemesha. Back row : P/O. Leith, F/Sgts. Yarra, Oliver, Currie, F/O.s Ford, Ford

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Village

ENGLAND has one unique beauty—her villages: her pre-eminence in this matter is unchallenged. Like faces, no two are identical, although resemblances may be found. Not all may have picturesqueness, but few have not character: all stand for a way of living that runs right back, and in which is inherent health, strength, decency, pride. Through the life of each, tradition runs like a live wire. Each, in its way, is a tiny capital—the capital of some miles of surrounding country—and convenience and common sense in the first instance dictated the position and plan of each—at the crossroads or ford, near the spring or in the desirable shelter of the valley grew up these lasting centres of life. Local resources determined the architecture. Picturesqueness, we must remember, is incidental—a by-product, a happy fortuity; the rippling skyline above the roofs, the reflection of cottages in water, the cheerful width of the green, the gradients and twists of by-streets may please the eye—but to do so was not their aim.

We may study the past of our villages: what is to be their future? Between those two lies the present, with its decisions. Are we, perhaps, an unfortunate generation, doomed seldom simply to lie back and enjoy what we enjoy? We must cope with realities when we might prefer day-dreams: the days of the carefree rhapsody and the pleasing amateur water-colour are over—has that rose-embowered thatched cottage got sanitation? Did you read the vicar's appeal to stop death-watch beetle in the church tower? Has that pond reflecting the sunset been lately cleaned? We have inherited what is lovely in England: what is ours to love is also ours to preserve.

To a good many people, myself included, the word "preservation" has a suspicious smell. Heaven save any decent village from becoming a museum-piece! May the hand of the arty, of the pro-antique fanatic and of the hyper-cultured week-ender be laid on no village I know and like! It is always possible to "preserve" a village in the sense that one preserves an august corpse. The essential of a village, however, is its aliveness—and life must be for ever upon the move. Changes must come; they cannot be checked—they may be controlled.

C. H. Gardiner's *Your Village and Mine* (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.) is distinguished by an excellent realism. Here we get down to brass tacks about village life—its promises, its difficulties, its demands. Mr. Gardiner—which is encouraging—foresees no necessary clash between the old and the new. The village—as an organism, as a possible, prosperous way of living—has been, and is, still threatened, and will be threatened again: none the less, matters are already well in hand, and it is up to us to get them in hand still further.

Amenities

THE first chapter, "The Village of Yesterday," covers the past, from pre-Roman times. The second, "To-day," is as comprehensive: village institutions, public services and amenities, the villager and village life, the village and the land, the village in wartime and the village and rural government are equably, and from all points of view, discussed. Finally, we have "The Village of To-morrow," which, without dangerous Utopianism, offers conclusions, takes a long look forward and devotes a section to agriculture. A section might seem small for so large a subject: we have, however, as Mr. Gardiner points out, a number of up-to-date books on it, and to those he refers us for information. At the same time, he could not exclude agriculture from a book on the village: the two are interdependent; together they sink or swim.

Mr. Gardiner's love for his village—and yours and mine—is something more than æsthetic or sentimental. He respects what he sees around him, and wants to see it go on—and not to survive merely, but to develop. Archaism and isolation he is against. Transport (bus services not only into the nearest town but as a link-up with neighbouring villages), public services (laid-on water, drainage, electricity, gas, at least one telephone-box in the smallest hamlet), improved and extended housing, health services, recreational centres (he stresses the need for, and uses of, the village hall), good pubs (giving equally fair service to the local and to the visitor), intelligent parsons (knowing something about the world) and practical, country-wise squires (where squires at all remain)—these can, he



Mr. James Fitton was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy of Arts early this month. He is a member of the London Group who has exhibited frequently at the Royal Academy and in America, and his work is represented in the prints rooms of the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum. He held his first one-man show in 1933.

believes and shows, add momentum and conviction to village life. Education, and the need for rural education in relation to the village school is discussed.

Interest in local government, some idea of its powers and how it functions, is necessary: good will to one's village demands not only heart but head. Mr. Gardiner, himself a local government officer, is here on his own ground—but writes with wary detachment. His sections on Parish, Rural District and County Councils are valuable. He is all for women playing an active part in affairs, and in this context speaks highly of Women's Institutes—of what they have done, of their power to do still more. . . . Your Village and Mine, I should make clear, is not a mere abstract treatise on village life: illustrations are drawn from a particular tract of country—Gloucestershire, Worcestershire—that is the writer's own. Character-sketches and anecdotes intersperse the argument of the book, giving an air of leisure, if at the cost of succinctness. Here and there, Mr. Gardiner says, he has made "provocative observations, with the object of stimulating thought, discussion and even controversy, for only by such means will the manifold problems of our post-war village and country-side be solved." I did not disagree with these strongly: possibly you may.

Holiday World

"PLEASURE BEACH" (Collins; 10s. 6d.), Frank Tilsley's latest novel, once again studies human nature on holiday—its predecessor, *What's In It for Waller?*, was set, you may remember, in a luxury camp. This time, the scene is Northpool, Lancashire seaside resort that is the

(Concluded on page 376)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

ANY two people possessing a sense of humour can, I believe, live happily together. If you can laugh at the same things, and in much the same kind of way, it is fairly safe—at least, as safe as such problems ever are—to "pop the question." Perhaps the converse is also fairly reliable. The danger lies when one of the two possesses a sense of the ridiculous and the other can only laugh heartily after a symbolical Caesarean operation.

A sense of humour is probably more binding than a mutual enthusiasm for art, literature, the higher mathematics and world planning. It can, at a pinch, survive the more irritating habits—like gritting your teeth, drinking soup by suction, making bread-pellets at meal-time and mistaking the whole house for an ever-ready ashtray. These are certainly a trial of spiritual strength, but they are more likely to be surmounted if the mental attitude be not all pat-ball between the grim and the grisly. Otherwise a deep and mutual devotion can only survive the years when, beneath all the froth and turmoil of living together, there is the inner certainty of absolute trust, or absolute loyalty, and the knowledge that when all others fail you, one, at least, will stand steadfastly by your side. With this conviction anybody can put up with a lot.

Consequently, when I play let's-pretend with the impossible, I like to imagine what would be the effect if suddenly I came face to face with myself in exact replica.

Would we hate each other at sight or would we fall into each other's arms?

I am convinced that after a time we would find each other very dull. We would agree on so many things without deriving the least entertainment and no exciting surprises. In argument, we would be weary of bandying the same pros and cons back and forth, and mostly getting nowhere—as one does when one argues with oneself. The lighter side of life might, on the other hand, suit us very well. We would both know when to talk and when to shut up—and you rarely meet that consummation in love and only a little less rarely in friendship. But the greatest shock of all would be a purely physical one. "Do I really look like that?" each would say to the other. "I thought I gave the world an entirely different impression!" "Do I really fidget about so maddeningly and grin so much? When I strive to look soulful, do I really appear on the point of being bilious? When I am at my most ingratiating, do I give the performance of a yes-curate or a mincing mamma?"

All this is quite possible, because have you never unexpectedly seen yourself in a mirror and from an unfamiliar angle? It is like gazing at a stranger. I have yet to see anybody laugh—the loveliest or the plainest—when gazing into an unbecoming looking-glass. The only consolation is that nobody ever believes that glass. We draw the blind down slightly—and look again.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Marsden — Boyd

Major John Marsden, second son of Mr. R. E. Marsden, Bursar of Eton College, and the Hon. Mrs. Marsden, married Mrs. Suzanne Boyd, widow of Mr. A. N. Boyd, and daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. B. H. Cooke, of Windsor, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle



Aylwin — Gibson

Surg.-Lt. John Angus Aylwin, R.N.V.R., son of the late Mr. E. A. Aylwin and of Mrs. Bates, of Gerrard's Cross, married Miss Margaret Gibson, daughter of Sir Granville Gibson, M.P., and Lady Gibson, of Oakwood Hall, Roundhay, Leeds, at St. John's, Roundhay



Curtis — Campbell

Major John Harry Peter Curtis, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, son of Major-Gen. and Mrs. H. O. Curtis, of Trokes Coppice, Lyckett Minster, Dorset, married Miss Diana Gabrielle Campbell, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. G. Campbell, of Chicksgrove Manor, Tisbury, Wilts., at St. Peter's, Vere Street

Burns — August

Major John Alan Burns, Scots Guards, younger of Cumbernauld, and Miss Joyce Margaret August, younger daughter of Mrs. A. August, of Beech Lodge, Enfield, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



Mackenzie — Lindsay

Lt. Ian Mackenzie, Royal Scots Fusiliers, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Mackenzie, of Johannesburg, South Africa, married Miss Anne M. Lindsay, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lindsay, of Westlands, Broughty Ferry, at St. Mary's, Broughty Ferry



Tryon — Verney

Lt. Julian Guy Tryon, Second New Zealand Expeditionary Force, son of the late Capt. and Mrs. Tryon, and Miss Marjorie Verney, eldest daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Rachel Verney, of Rhanva, Menai Bridge, Anglesey, were married at St. Mary's, Harrow-on-the-Hill

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 362)

The War Office Stages a Show

FOR the first time in the history of the theatre, the War Office is co-operating in a stage production. This is *Salute the Soldier*, a spectacular cavalcade paying tribute to the British Army from Agincourt to the present day. It opened at the Stoll Theatre yesterday for a three weeks' season, and afterwards is to tour the provinces until the end of July. The entire proceeds will be for Army Benevolent Funds. Script is by Guy Schofield, with additional scenes by Ted Kavanagh. The company numbers 260 people, including several well-known artists such as Franklin Dyall, Leslie Strange, Elsie Percival, Helen Hill and Hilda Meacham. All the others are Service performers. The Life Guards Orchestra, a band of twenty-six, and a Pipers' Band drawn from the leading Scottish regiments will take part in this pageant, which embraces drama, symbolism, comedy, song and dance.

Salute the Soldier is in seventeen scenes. The script covers some of the most glorious phases in our history, and introduces illustrious figures who have moulded the destiny of this country. Opening with a military muster, with the entire company singing Elgar's "Song of Liberty," the scene moves to Agincourt, with Franklin Dyall playing Henry V.; to Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury; to the Marlborough Wars and to General Wolfe storming the Heights of Abraham. The Duchess of Richmond's famous ball on the eve of Waterloo closes the first half of the spectacle.

The second half opens with the front of the Tivoli, with Vesta Tilley's name outside, and one of her famous songs being sung. Then to Hyde Park, with its scarlet-coated soldiers, reviving memories of the gaiety of London long ago. A most inspiring episode recalls Queen Victoria and her selection of the words "For Valour" impressed on the Victoria Cross. Here three V.C.s of this war will be introduced into the scene. On to Mr. Asquith's memorable speech in Parliament at the outset of the last war; to Victoria Station, with its tears and its gaiety, when troop trains were arriving or departing; until we come eventually to the present war, with the Prime Minister making his famous speech, "This was their finest hour."

Queen Charlotte's Ball

THROUGH a technical error, in some of the earlier copies of *The Tatler* of March 15th two of the captions were transposed; those under the pictures showing respectively the Maclean of Lochbuie and his wife, and Major Curtis Buyers and the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley, at the recent Queen Charlotte's Ball.

*A Committee Meeting at Claridge's*

Discussing affairs in connection with a *Soirée Danzante* to be held on April 1st in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Prisoners of War Parcels Fund were Princess Irene Wiszniewska, Mrs. Raymont Game, Lady Suenson-Taylor, Lady Newborough and Mrs. Norman Crowther

*Author and Actress*

Anne Firth plays the lead in Lt. Peter Powell's play, "The Two Children." The author, who is in the R.N.V.R., was the winner of a 100-guinea prize, with a guarantee of production at the Arts Theatre, where the play is running until April 2nd

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 374)

rival (the author explains with caution) of Blackpool: the reader, I imagine, will not be blamed for identifying the two.

The scene is sturdy, roaring and raucous—Northpool's pleasure programme is not for the sensitive—and the story, Tom Matthews' adventures, is picaresque. In spite of his modern idiom, Mr. Tilsley has something in common with our eighteenth-century novelists—zest, go, uneasiness, appetite: what is it, exactly? His studies of crooks and sharpers have the briskness of Fielding's, and his regard for virtue is as unsentimental. For, in the Northpool underworld we are to find ourselves: the young miner, robbed of his wallet, is thrown on his own resources, and, to top all, becomes entangled with the police. Northpool, from what might be the underdog side, assumes a very different aspect—but Tom's morale is as good as his wits are slow. He is, moreover, fortunate in the friendship of Sally, that sharp-tongued, red-headed, rampantly independent Lancashire beauty, who, having first repelled him, takes up his cause like a whirlwind when she finds how things stand. Sally's shares, among the personnel of the Northpool fun-world, stand high, and as her "cousin" Tom whizzes from job to job. His appearance as "Marlene, Graphologist," ends with a free fight; as private detective's assistant the nice lad does hardly better; at the market-stall he proves slow and too philanthropic—but he really comes into his own as a builder's mate.

Characters, as diversified as they are fresh and startling, crowd the pages of *Pleasure Beach*. "The Squire," located at the Savoy-Ritz, is up to no good—in a big way. His henchman, Stevens, ex-pugilist, has preoccupations and cravings so truly horrid that it takes Mr. Tilsley's asstringency to get away with them. Silvo, auctioneer of glittering fakes, is yellow, shifty and twisted—but contains, somewhere, a heart: it is in his handling of Silvo's type that Mr. Tilsley shows a superlative quality. Peg, Sally's weaker sister, and Peg's relations with Silvo are not less well drawn in; and Peg's daughter, five-year-old Joan, will engage many more hearts than her Aunt Sally's. There is, too, a fine cast of north-country seaside landladies—all so stout that Tom wonders how the *Pleasure Beach* Fat Lady can take many pennies while they are on view for nothing. *Pleasure Beach* has a taut plot and an exciting climax. English in its feeling, masculine in its manner, it is a fine contribution to this year's fiction.

The Bible

"THE ENGLISH BIBLE," by Sir Herbert Grierson ("Britain in Pictures" Series: Collins; 4s. 6d.), adds to a history of the Bible in this country a study of its power not only as a religious but social and literary force. In Sir Herbert Grierson, as a distinguished scholar and leading authority on our seventeenth-century literature (though his knowledge is not limited to that time), "Britain in Pictures" seems, once again, to have found the ideal author for the subject in hand. The book is deeply informative and, at the same time, stimulates independent thought. The comparison of successive different translations of the same passage (the first verses of I. Corinthians, 13) will be found most interesting. So will the echoes of Biblical phrases to be found in Shakespeare, and the influence of the Bible on, perhaps unexpectedly, Byron. I hope that this excellent book may send many back to their Bible—ignorance of its stories (than which could there be any better?), its characters and its language is a sad, and spreading, form of illiteracy.

Novel for Young People

WRITING for the young is an art in itself—I feel that the young should, strictly, review books meant for them. Erika Mann's *A Gang of Ten* (Secker and Warburg; 6s.) relates the adventures of some United Nations Children—Dutch, British, French, Norwegian, Chinese, Free-German and Russian guest-pupils, plus two young American allies, at a Californian school—which, though in most ways ideal, includes two malignant Fifth Columnists on its staff. The proximity of an aeroplane factory speeds the plot up. A young woman journalist is involved in, and chronicles, these affairs.

Tangled Web

SURPRISINGLY few "straight" novels describing the American domestic scene in wartime seem, so far, to have come my way. I therefore find myself noting with particular interest the details, always convincing, in recent detective stories from across the Atlantic. In this matter, women detective-story writers are generous, and Alice Tilton's *File for Women* (Crime Club; 7s. 6d.) seems to me, as a document, full value—if, as a tale, it is a little involved. Here we have Dalton, Mass., on an autumn evening: in this pleasant, extensive, wooded suburb of Boston a practice black-out, two rival "Victory Swops," the escape of a red-headed elevator girl from an evening "morale class," the delivery-round of an oil van driven by a society blonde, and—incidentally—the murder of a notable citizen are in full swing. Ladies are still piano after a tussle over an issue of stockings, in the big local store; and nice Mrs. Lately, whose five boys are in the Forces, plans to bring home in triumph a pound of coffee, to be swapped for her home-made cake, "Lady Baltimore." You can still "frost" cakes—but not drive cars unless you borrow a beach-van from the Navy.

This is another Leonidas Witherall story. Leonidas and Mrs. Lately, in her check slacks, tangle themselves up in a pretty web, though, from the most innocent motives, practising to deceive. So many are the surprises, so fast and furious is the fun, that one almost forgets there has been a murder, and seldom if ever asks oneself who has done it.



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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE bazaar in aid of the local church had been widely advertised. For weeks collectors had been handing over vouchers in return for money, and when the great day arrived Mrs. Blank had ten shillings' worth, which could be exchanged for equal value at any of the stalls. Mrs. Blank set forth rather late. When she came home she was looking annoyed.

"What did you buy, mother?" asked one of her daughters.

"Don't talk to me!" she snapped. "When I got there everything worth while had been sold, and I had to have ten shillings' worth of donkey rides!"

THE little man dashed into a pub and said to the landlord: "A large ginger ale!"

He looked a little shaken, so the landlord asked him what was wrong.

"I just got home to find a strange man kissing my wife!"

"And what did you do?" inquired the man behind the bar.

"I picked up his umbrella and smashed it across my knee, and said: 'There! I hope it rains!'"

THE new convict summoned the warder to his cell. "Warder," he complained, "I don't like the food here. I don't like my quarters. And, what's more, I don't like the type of work I've been given."

"Anything else you don't like?" inquired the warder grimly.

"Yes," added the convict heatedly. "I don't like that early-to-bed ruling. And also I don't like your face."

The warder tried to control his temper. "Anything else you don't like?" he snapped.

The prisoner shrugged. "That's all for the time being," he murmured.

"I don't want you to think I'm being unreasonable!"

THEY had been saying good night for hours, and the girl was obviously pleading with the boy in vain.

"It's no use, darling," he said at last. "I simply cannot face your father to ask him to let you marry me."

"You needn't be frightened of facing him, dear," replied the girl, "the great danger is when you turn your back."

As they propped themselves up against the bar, Jones remarked:—

"I say, old man, when your wife's away, do you have to tell her everything you do?"

His companion put his empty glass down and smiled sadly.

"Not at all necessary," he replied. "She tells me that she always gets a more reliable account from the neighbours."

CZECH soldiers in London are studying Basic English and doing pretty well. Said one to a policeman: "Please, Bobby, which watch?"

By and by the policeman got it and held out his wrist watch for the other to see.

"Six watch? Such much?" said the soldier, and hastened on his way.



Alexander Bender

First Anniversary

"Junior Miss" is celebrating its first anniversary at the Saville Theatre tomorrow, and is proving just as popular over here as it did originally in New York. The Graves family (seen above) are played by Peggy Simpson, Linda Gray, Ronald Ward and Joan White

THIS story comes from a Johannesburg paper, *South African Business Efficiency*.

Addressing a trade association in America, one of the speakers, dealing with the question of what constitutes an expert, said it reminded him of a lady who went into a store to purchase a pair of birds. She told the salesman the variety she wished, and that she desired a male and a female. The birds were finally selected and handed her.

She then asked the salesman how she could tell the difference between the two. He instructed her to go to another store to buy a supply of male and female worms, and that when she fed the worms to the birds, the male bird would always eat the female worms—while the female bird would eat the male worms. She thanked him profusely and went on her way.

When she got to the door, she turned, came back to the salesman and said: "I must be stupid, but how am I going to tell which are the male and which are the female worms?"

And his reply was:—

"Madam, I am only a bird expert; you will have to see a worm expert about that."

"Did you hit this man when he was down?" asked the solicitor.

"I had to," replied the defendant, "he is bigger than I am."

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Gone With the Blenheim

ON the whole this air war has not produced many really funny stories. That does not mean that it is grimmer—though it probably is—because the grimmest situations seem to evoke the most enduring jokes. It means, generally speaking, that people do not feel so funny; one reason being that they are so much more under the thumb of that autocracy of nonentities, the Government departments. (Compare the Byronic definition of democracy as an autocracy of blackguards.)

One story, however, does make me laugh. It concerns the reduction to produce of certain aircraft of obsolescent type. Some of these machines are still in use; but most of them are being "reduced to produce" or broken up so that such parts as remain serviceable may be used again in other machines. At one big aerodrome the work of reducing to produce was in full swing. Every day many machines of this type were being flown to the aerodrome and then reduced to produce by the workers there. Some Royal Air Force officers, seeking a change from the daily routine, flew to this aerodrome in order to take a weekend off. They parked their aeroplanes, but when they returned from the weekend, they found that their machines had gone the way of the others and been reduced to produce. One imagines that they were given the finest exercise in explanations ever set.

Piccadilly Aeroshow

PICCADILLY, nowadays, is a place inhabited entirely by American military police and English women police. It is so crowded with these two kinds of law-enforcers that it is almost impossible to elbow one's way along. How strange it would seem to some flâneur of the past to observe this famous street turned into a policeman's paradise! There is, however, one exception. The Bristol Company, with praiseworthy enterprise, has set up its standard nearly opposite the Ritz and has chosen its showroom exhibit so well that a small crowd, often including half a dozen policemen and policewomen, is to be seen outside the

window at all hours. A Hercules, cut open here and there, solemnly pirouettes on its turntable, its exposed inside whizzing round with sleeves, shafts, gear wheels and the rest all performing their appointed functions while on the other side of the window all the world wonders.

Here is the kind of thing we want in aviation, the exhibit which will arrest the public's attention and make it think aeronautically. Rolls-Royce have always had their fine showrooms in Conduit Street; but in peacetime they were necessarily mainly devoted to motor cars. Just lately they have been used for some extremely successful exhibitions—the most recent being of the Rolls-Royce Griffon (not Griffin, please). And now the reinforcement in Piccadilly will all help to keep our attention on aviation and its possibilities.

A certain aircraft manufacturer not connected with either Rolls-Royce or Bristol expressed the view that he, too, would like to have a showroom in Central London, but wondered if he were not too late. Probably he would have difficulty in drawing the crowd unless he became really sensational. I believe the most successful window exhibit of the war was one designed by a local fuel saving committee which showed a real live woman, of admirable proportions, going behind a screen and there undressing in shadowgraph and getting into a bath with only five inches of water in it. Perhaps some equally successful scheme could be arranged with a troupe of air-line stewardesses changing out of or into high-altitude clothing.

Polish Pix

WHILE I am talking of exhibitions I must mention the Polish one in St. James's Street. Here the work of Polish artists is shown together with many photographs illustrating the Polish air effort. Con-



W/Cdr. Gabszewicz, the first Polish airman to win the *Virtuti Militari*, the Polish V.C., recently received his decoration from Gen. Sosnkowski at a fighter station near London. He already holds the D.S.O., D.F.C. and the *Croix de Guerre*, and shot down the first German aircraft of the war in Poland on September 1, 1939

noisseurs in aircraft recognition will find many interesting kinds of aircraft which are difficult to identify. There is one good-looking, twin-engined, high-speed fighter and there are some ancient types which are intriguing.

In the air the Poles have shown themselves magnificent fighting men, possessing all the finest characteristics and exhibiting skill of the highest order. I mentioned here a long time ago the view of a Royal Air Force officer that the Poles were so good at fighting in the air partly because they had exceptionally good eyesight. He attributed it (though the idea may have been fanciful) to the fact that the Poles do not spend their time in "populous cities pent." They work in the open and are accustomed to focusing the eyes on distant objects. Hence, he thought, their distant vision is acute. After the British, the United States and the Russian air forces, the Polish is the

largest Allied air force. Incidentally, the Polish flying badge, corresponding to our wings, is the metal one which is hung over the left breast. The Poles have won many British decorations.

French Air

FRENCH airmen have also always shown specially high-flying and fighting aptitude. They keep up the traditions of Georges Guynemer. But on the whole the French do not flourish in Anglo-Saxon surroundings. They find the petty restrictions more irritating than the more boorish Briton. They have never succeeded, for instance, in producing a daily paper that is distinctively French in Britain. France is a fine effort, but it shows signs of being under the gloomy Anglo-Saxon supervision; there is none of the bright, light, sharp touch of the genuine French publication.



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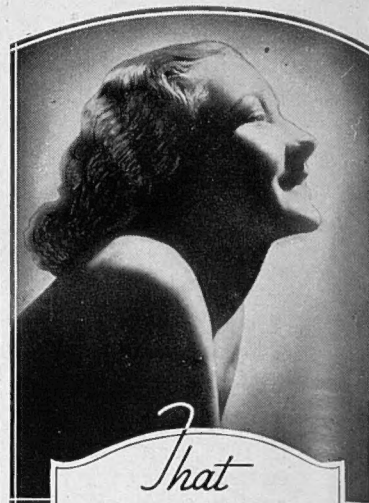
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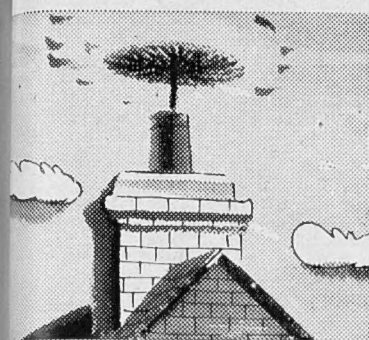


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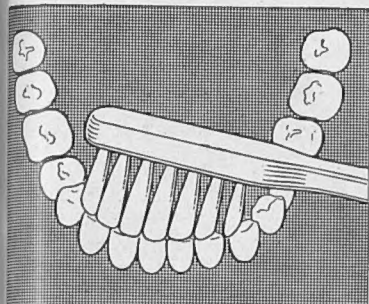
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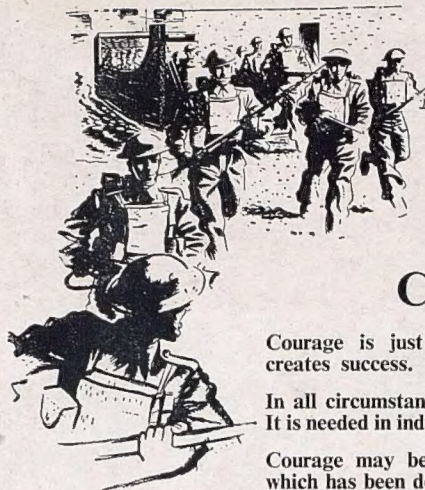
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